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# The N. Y. Saturdan Bress. A JOURNAL OF THE TIMES,

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## ORGIA: The Bong of a Buined Man.

BY WILLIAM WINTER

Who cares for nothing alone is free. (Sit down, good fellow, and drink with me!) With a careless heart and a merry eye, He laughs at power, and wealth, and fame He laughs at virtue the laughs at shame

He laughs at hope and he laughs at fear At Memory's dead leaves crisp and sere He langue at the future cold and dim

O, that is the comrade fit for me! He cares for nothing! his soul is free! Free as the soul of the fragrant wine : Sit down, good fellow; my heart is thine

For I head not contom, creed, nor law In every city my cups I quaff;

I laugh like the cruel and turbulent wave I haugh in the church and I haugh at the grave I laugh at joy, and well I know That I merrily, merrily laugh at woe

I terribly laugh, with an oath and a sneer, For I know that Death is a guest divine, Who shall drink my blood as I drink this wine

And He cares for nothing! a King is He! Come on, old fellow, and drink with me! With you I will drink to the solemn Past,— Though the cup that I drain should be my last. I will drink to the phantoms of love and truth To ruined manhood and wasted youth.

To a heavenly face in sweet repose!

To the lily's snow and the blood of the rose! To the splendor caught from orient skies, That thrilled in the dark of her hazel eyes;

Her large eyes wild with the fire of the South And the dewy wine of her warm, red mouth !

I will drink to the thought of a better time! To innocence, gone like a death-bell chime! I will drink to the shadow of coming doom!

I will drink to my soul in its terrible mood,

And, last of all, to the Monarch of Sin, Who has conquered that Palace and reigns within My song is passing: It dies away, I cannot tell is it night or day. My heart is burnt and blackened with pain ;

Through awful chasms I plunge and fall; Your hand, good fellow, I die—that's all. I cannot see you—the end is nigh— But we'll laugh tôgether before I die!

Then cover me—will you?—with grassy sod,— The feared of Man, the accursed of God!

WALT WHITMAN'S NEW POEM.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

The author of "Leaves of Grass." has perpetrated another "poem." The N. Y. Navuanay Paus., in all the poetry that was ever perpetrated since the morn high one columns, we regret to say, it appears, calls it "a curious warble." Curious, it may be; but warble it is not, in any sense of that mellithous word. It is a shade less heavy and vulgar than the "Leaves of Grass." whose unmitigated badness seemed to cap the climax of poetic nuisances. But the present performs appears have been long before all the multiparticles, without half the grounds. How in the name of all the Muses this so-called poem" ever got into the columns of the Savunax Paus. passes our poor comprobension. We had come to look upon that journal as the prince of litter ary weekliles, the arbite signatures of the santhor's former efforts.

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(From the Abshay Alias and Argus, December 20.1)

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The following letters relate to a large and valuable to very body, took it upon blasself. tice, and raised it to the rank of a fine art; the crisp criticisms, and delicate dramatic humors of "Person-ne," and the charming piquancies of the spiribulle Ada Clare—all united to make up a paper of rare ex-cellence. And it is into this gentle garden of the Muses that that unclean cub of the wilderness, Walt Whitman, has been suffered to intrude, trampling with his vulgar and profane hoofs among the delicate flow-ers which bloom there, and solling the spothess white of its fair columns with lines of stupid and meaning-less twardide.

manifested. He exaggerated every sentiment, and piled up with endless repetition every epithes, till the reader grew weary, even to nanses, of his unmeaning rant. He announced himself to the world as a new and striking thinker, who had something to reveal.

His "Leaves of Grass" were a revelation from the Kingdom of Nature. Thus he screams to a gaping

Such was the style of his performance, only it was disfigured by far worse sins of morality than of taste. Never, since the days of Rabelais was there such litera-Never, since the days of Rabelals was there ench litera-ture of uncleanness as some portions of this volume exhibited. All that is beautiful and sacred in love was dragged down to the brutal plane of animal passion, and the writer appeared to revel in language fit only for the lips of the Priapus of the old mythology. We had hoped that the small reception accorded to his first performance had deterred Mr. Whitman from fresh trespasses in the realms of literature. Several very had remed away his woom that worth here

years had passed away, his worse than worthless book had been forgotten, and we hoped that this Apollo of the Brooklyn marshes had returned to his native mud. somewhat changed, changed very little for the We do not find so much that is offensive, but

We have searched this "poem" through with the serious and deliberate endeavor to find out the reason of its being written; to discover some clue to the mys-tery of so vast an expenditure of words. But we hon-estly confess our utter inability to solve the problem. estly confess our utter inability to solve the problem. It is destitute of all the elements which are commonly desiderated in poetical composition; it has neither rhythm nor melody, rhyme nor reason, metre nor sense. We do solemnly assert, that there is not to be discovered, throughout the whole performance, so much as the glimmering ghost of an idea. Here is the poem, which the author, out of his characteristic perversity, insists upon calling the Pre-news:

"Out of the rocked cradie.

Out of the mocking-bird's threat, the musical shuttle,
Out of the spiral moders' womb, and from the nipples of her breasts,
Out of the boy's moders' womb, and from the nipples of her breasts,
Out of the Ninth-Bireth midnight,
Over the storels ass-aunts, and the field beyond, where the child,
beving his bed, wandered alone, bareheaded, barafoot,
Down from the showered halo and the moonbeams.
Up from the mystic play of shadows twining and twisting as if they
were alleg.

his from the ingeniories of the bird that chantes to market the prices the ingeniories of the bird that chantes to market the prices and from the fitted risings and from the ingent, infanite, under the pellow half moon, late risen, and swoilen as if with tears,

From the right, infanite, under the pellow half moon, late risen, and swoilen as if with tears,

From the spiritual prices are successful to the prices of the most,

From the spiritual thence are assessed words,

From the spiritual thence are assessed words,

From such, as now they start, the soons revisiting,

As fock, the titering, rising, or overhead passing,

iteras in there—are all eludes me, hurriedly,

A man—yet by these tears a little boy again,

Throwing spired on the smal, i,

Confronting the waves, sing,

\*\*The prices of the prices of the prices of the literature,

\*\*The prices of the prices of the prices of the prices of the literature,

\*\*The prices of the prices of the

This is like nothing we ever heard of in literature in less it be the following lucid and entertaining com

"Never again leave me to be the peaceful child I was before what there, is the night, By the rea, under the yellow and salging moon, The dusky demon aroused, the fire, the sweet hell within The unknown want, the design of me."

O, but this is bitter bad! "O give me some clue!
O if I am to have so much, let me have more!
O a word! O what is my destination?
O I fear it is heaceforth chaos!"

There is not a doubt of it, we do assure you! And what is more, it never was anything else. Now, what carthly object can there be in writing and printing such unmixed and hopeless drivel as that? If there were any relief to the unmeaning monotony, some glimpse of fine fancy, some oasis of sense, some spark of "the vision and the faculty divine," we would not of "the vision and the faculty divine," we would not say a word. But we do protest, in the name of the sanity of the human intellect, against being invited to read such stuff as this, by its publication in the columns of a highly respectable literary journal. What is the comment of the Saywaday Pamsi itself on the "poem"? It says:

"Like the 'Lawre of Grace, 'the purport of this wild and plaintive song, well enveloped, and eduring definition, is positive and unquestionable, like the effect of music. The piece will hear reading many times—perhaps, indeed, only comes forth, as from recesses, by many repetitions."

Wall Heaven halp, us, then for an area as a limited.

It is superior to the French work on Egypt prepared

[FOR THE SATURDAY PRESS.] THE DIAMOND-HUNTER. Inscribed to C. A.

Sages told me, snowy-bearded,
That the diamonds Love and Truth,
Though deep hidden, still rewarded
All who sought for them in youth.
From my childhood I went searching
O'er each varied earthly lot—

Long my pilgrimage had lasted-Long my pilgrimage had lasted— Long my spirit yearned in vain; Pride had jostled, Hate defied me, Sin had jeered, with all her train. Many a hope had bloomed and perish Many a year had come and gone, Still I trusted in the sages, And I was not all forlorn.

"Surely," said I, "surely somewhere, Truth and Love I per will find, While there's incense in the flowers, Truth there must be in mankind." Truth there must be in instant, then, from out her bower, Stepped the fay named Caroline, And, behold, those priceless jewels Sparkled in her asure eyne!

# THE QUARTETTE.

BY OBTHRON.

Kingaley Gerald loved music! If Riyerside had been nearer to New York, or New York nearer to Riv-erside, Mr. Ullmann had been a richer man. But Kings-ley lived out of town. Otherwise, his twenty-five

he rushed into the library, seized pen and paper, and

Was it the Song or the Singer, That Siled my heart with pain? Was it she, or her sweet music, Her beauty, or the strain?

Wildly my heart is still throbbing With love or deep delight! And my soul has been moved deep By magte power this night!

Was it the beautiful Stager?
I must not see her more!
She was found by one more has
Would me had met before!

Was it the musical chiming Of voices awast and low?

VII.

Was it that tenderest Music?

Ah! so! my beart is deep!

It was she! the beautoous Singer

That roused my soul from slee

Years—long years rolled around, and the Poet and
she—No! they didn't do anything of the kind!

I suppose you would like to have me tell now, how
for many a long year the Poet cherished her image in
his breast, and didn't see Ler. How he moved about
strangely and sadly for a time, as if some mystery
enshrouded him, and then suddenly disappeared. How a
mysterious stranger appeared in Bone—rich as Cresus
or John Jacob Astor,—patronised all the Artista Well, Heaven help us, then, for as we are a living man, we would not read this poor "many times" "many times" "for all the poorty that was every preparated dance the morning dark amang topotty. "Well or revision, and the work of two." Otherwise, his twenty-dry complete." "Well or revision, and the work of two." All the same in our Andersoy can be able to the third circle in far the best place for hearing; to do in that direction is to declare that of their that "yoorn" is nonerane, or or are a huntile. "He are not as the work of the third circle in far the best place for hearing; to do in that direction is to declare that of their that it is noneral to the third." But there Pike spaced him this article, and the same for the many dependent of the same of High Art, and at the same time treated its poster with that hind consideration which it the same interest and the poster with that hind consideration which it the same interest and the poster with the same time treated the prosent sphere of existence. He same poster than the same that the same time treated the prosent sphere of existence the same time treated the prosent sphere of existence the same time treated the prosent sphere of existence the same time treated the prosent sphere of existence the same time treated problems, it is also that nother gods mer man can be sufficient to the same time treated the prosent sphere of existence the same time treated the prosent sphere of existence the same time treated the prosent sphere of existence the same time treated the prosent sphere of the same time treated the prosent sphere of existence the same time treated the prosent sphere of the same time treated the prosent sphere of the same time treated the prosent sphere of the same time treated to the same time treated to the same time treated the same time treated to the same time treated to the same time treated to the same time treate

and Heely, with a beautiful nor and form,—a mother,—the first principal to the mark that the principal content of the pri

press.

It is superior to the French work on Egypt prepared by the assess of Napoleon's expedition, inasmuch as their explorations were accomplished before the discovery of the Rosetta Stone, by Bussard, in 1799, had opened to Young and the Champollions the art of deciphering the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

These idle tears! These idle tears! Years! Years! These idle tears! These idle tears! I have! I faint!"

These idle tears! I faint!"

The consequence is a work thorough and profound, giving the world a better idea of the Nilotic views than it has hitherto enjoyed.

In thas hitherto enjoyed. The cover was thin. Kingsley thought of the newsg paper paragraph—remembered that it was the anniversary of the famous Quartette night—remembered and
thought of pretty much everything, in fact; as he
wasn't at all troubled with sleep. He came downstairs next morning with his hair very rough, and his
hands unwashed; having demolshed the hard-bruah in
his attempts to break through the ice in the pitcher.

The fair Boprane appeared in the morning, as bright
as could be expected after a sleepless night. (Sick
child—teething maybe!) But they had to breakfast
by candlelight—the train started before sunrise—and
the cars were just reached by the most unceremonious
departure, and the hardest exrabbling.

Kingsley Gerald's love for the fair Soprano froze
solid that night. It never thawed out again!

His reflections we cannot describe. Suffice it to say,
there was one question under a thousand forms:

this resections we cannot describe. Simile it to say, there was one question under a thousand forms: "What is Low?— is it impulse, or faciling, or associa-tion, or passion, or admiration, or heat? Which?" One thing we can say. Kingsley repented of his sin in misleading the hearts of thousands by his false and foolish song, and did his best to atone for that crime.

There's a charin and a py in her lipe of yose, in her ringlets, soft and light; in her eye that one moment with passion glows. And then octues, easily bright!

But beware! Youth! Beware!
It is Busic hath charmed thy solver though!
Feel as you may—but think as you ough!!
Beware! Youth! Beware!

There's a charm and a joy in her youthful face.

Where the blushes make their nest!

In the lines and the curvings of dainty grace,
And the heaving of her benas!

But beware! Youth! Beware! cir.

There's a charm and a joy in the female form!
There's a charm in Music, too!
You may give to the maides your thoughts me
But give Music all its dee!
And beware! Youth! Beware! etc.

Kingsley determined that this recantation more widely read than his first false song. So he de-serted entirely the popular Musician, Budolph Heni-fetter Steelaleetle,—wrote the Music for it himself,

fetter Steelalectle,—wrote the Music for it himself, published, and advertised it widely.

As the-tune was really a fine one, and as the poem contained a truth and a moral, of course it fell flat and a cold upon the public ear. Kingaley paid for his advertising in advance, read all the puffs (duly paid for) in the papers, and one day walked up to the publishers to get the proceeds of his new and popular song. When he came out, he walked hastily down Broadway, turned into a side street, and finally, reaching the river, rushed frantically—upon the boat for Riverside!

Kingaley Gerald astonished his mother and sisters for the next week, by his ghastly, harrowing countenance, and the quintity of dinner he made way with. He published no more songs!

MOBAL.—Never imagine yourself in love, or propose while under the influence of Music!

MOBAL.—Never imagine yourself in love, or propose while under the influence of Music!

MOBAL.—Obe of the soul. If you write Poetry in the full swell of the soul. If you write Poetry in the full swell of the soul. If you write Poetry in the road it could not you have he day he time to read it could not you have he day the read it could not you have he day the read it could not you have he day the time to read it could not you have he day he time to read it could not you have he day the read it could not you have he day the read it could not you have he day the read it could not you have he day to he was the sum of the publish till it has had time to you have he was the sum of the publish till it has had time to

poetic inspiration, don't publish ull is una cool, and you have had time to read it coolly, under cool, and you have had time to read it coolly, under iration, don't publish till it has had time to

Boware! Youth! Boware! It is Music hath charmed thy sober thought! Feel what you may—but think what you ought! Bosone! Youth! Boware!

painter and "expert" of the Louvre. The condition of the marriage is singular enough. The lady is to retain the name of Balanc, even in signing legal deco-ments, and to be called in her domestic circle by no other name than that of her first husband. retain the name of Balanc, even in signing legal deco-ments, and to be called in her domestic circle by no other name than that of her first huband.

— Mr. Charles C. Perkins, of Boston, is in Binly, en-gaged upon a history of medieval sculpture.

Too and to think—" Whose will her diadem

CLAIRE: A SPIRIT-MEMORY.

One-hearted—
O'er her tomb we were Death-wed,
Not parted!
Claire was my Soul-Twin—
My Bride!

The Sun-rays that nestled

Of her hair,—
The passionate Winds that wrestled
The fragrance to share
That distilled from her hair,—

Ay! were wanton to share
The incense that breathed
on invisible censers that swayed through her hair,
And floated, and wreathed

Of my Sun-caressed Claire;— Oh! I envied them, cursed them!

But, ah ! vainly! Insanely
Alas! thus I strove To avert Heaven's love From my Bride!

Oh! God! in the horro Of impious sorrow I cursed Thee, denied Thee, Reviled Thee, defied Thee!

Oh! God! I repent me! Contritely, bitterly, Prostrate before Thee.

Abjectly, utterly; I thank Thee, adore Thee, For this Thou hast sent me My Darling is dead! One flow-curl of gold
Of her hair!

Still is shed To my prayer! The ravishing incense still breathes through its gold.

From invisible censers Thy Bounty hath fed : Floating down through the air From the luminous sone Of Thy Throne-From the brow of Thy Claire! From the radiant brow of Thy Claire, Shrined there!

Dec. 28th, 1859.

THE CELIBACY OF IRVING.

Instead of being a "defect," the celibacy of Irving was his crown of glory. Those who have studied his critings must have been struck with the remarkable transition from humor to pathos, from the broadest fun to the most meditative sentiment, which occurs between the facetious history of New York and the Sketch-Book. Many perhaps imagine that this is ac-counted for by his loss of fortune. But the feeling is ou soulful for such an interpretation. It had its ori gin in one of those disappointments of the heart which color all the subsequent life of a true man. We trust that now there is no want of delicacy in alluding to the fact that the subject of Irving's love died during their betrothal. We have heard the last interview described betrothal. We have heard the last interview described by a member of her family; and to the sacred sorrow thus engendered is to be ascribed much that is touch-ing and true in the sentiment of Irving's writings; to his fealty to this affection, in no small degree, is owing the continued sensibility which kept his heart fresh to the last; and above all, that respect for, and sympathy which he so uniformly cheriahed sild manifested in let-ters and in life.

which he so uniformly cherished shift manifested in let-ters, and in life. Nor is this all. Time may have healed the wound, and reconciled the bereft to another relation; but there intervened a period of disaster which drove his closest brother to bankruptcy; for his sake, and that of his family of daughters, Washington Irving continued sin-gle, took them all home, and became a father to the children. Beautiful was their mutual devotion; hap-py their congenial household; and Sunnyside is now bequesthed to them. eathed to them.

bequeathed to them.

No one familiar with Mr. Irving associated the of celibacy with him; he was always in a do iar with Mr. Irving associated the idea re: his nieces were like daughters; his fai neighbors, his favorite companions; children, the de-light of his heart. With such free and fond affections, was domesticated in families abroad; he was the en-deared centre of one at home;—and one of the most beautiful aspects of his life, as well as one of the most honorable, is that selected as exceptional, after the dippant habit of those who ignorantly condemn what ent of soul to conjecture may be an evidence of the

BOYAL AND RUSTIC.

Your queen sits arrayed in imperial purple, While flatterers fawn at her indolent feet; Yet mine is as fair in her unadorned raiment

tumn,
Her gardens, where slave-tended daffodils bloom.
But mine rears the vine with the tenderest fingers—
Ab! the daintiest roses are those in her room.

pride;
Mine hath but a shallop, though light as a lify,
Or dream-painted blossom, it graces the tide. I doubt not your queen hath inherited glory,
Anon it will full to one regal as she;—
Some will deepen the purple that darkens the chance
While some will declare whose her aceptre shall be.

## The Saturday Press Book-List. For the week ending January 7, 1880-

is pair of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pair of New Packs, does most wessly by merely menorify them in attractive print. The title of a new book. arrated in comely type, is a very valuable notice. - HARPER WARRLY, Nov 12, 1859.

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NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

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r's Quarto Dictionary, library edition. Boston : Hicklin Swan & Brewer.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Catalogue of a Collection of Pamphlets written and printed during the years 1515-1525. Pamphlet, pp. 19. New York: M. Ella-ger & Co. 1860. leven Years. By Julia Kavanagh, author of Nathalie, etc. Svo Buston: Ticknor & Fields. 2000. Baston: Technor & Friess. 4390.

Soci-the and Schiller. An Address before the Haverford Loganian Society. By Thomas Chass., A.M., Professor of Ascient Liters ture and Languages in Haverford College, 12mo., paper, pp. 38

Philadel, hia: Published by the Society. 1850.

Misrepresentation: A Novel. By Anna H. 1950.

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Harry's Summer in Asheroft. With Illustrations. 19, 204. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1860. History of Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia. By Jacob Abboti. With engravings. 12mo; pp. 368. New York: Harper & Bro-thers. 1860.

Guide to the Central Park, with a Map of the Proposed Improvements. Pamphlet, pp. 26. New York: C. M. Saxtop, Barker & Co. 1846

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Bankling's Prepared Gluss.

To have a favorite piece of china chipped or broken, a pet how with its binding torn, a nice piece of furniture fractured, is a trible and temper-destroying nuisance. Not without remedy, we can testify. Mr. Spakling, who advertises his Prepared the in the Press torday, and us some of it preserved exact completely restored, many odds and eads of china and glass mis flor use, a tattered map made as good as new, several dague rootypes cases renovated, and an old folio edition of Herodoxing the states of the pressure of the complete of the preserved that the pressure of the complete of the pressure of the pressure of the complete of the pressure of the

## The N. Y. Saturday Bress. HENRY CLAPP, Jr., ROBERT W. FRARSALL,

NEW YORK, JANUARY 7, 1860.

THE UNION.

The judgment that Tallyerand passed upon our country, when he was asked what he thought of Democracy, and replied that it was an aristocracy of blackguards, would not seem so far out of the way, to an intelligent observer of our public affairs in the prean intelligent observer of our public affairs in the pre-ent emergency. But as far as any such judgment re-lates to the American people it is all hopelessly wrong, as any judgment of our institutions and the character of our people will always be, by so devoted an adherent of monarchy and oligarchy as Tallyerand was. The question was put wrongly. We are not a de-mocracy, whatever the fact that demagogues compose the majority of our Congress was seen to now. We

the majority of our Congress may seem to prove. We are a Republic, and that is a very different thing, as the aforesaid demagogues will yet find to their cost. A Union or a nationality that cannot stand the wildest A Union or a nationality that cannot stand the windest and most excited discussion of any question that affects its interests, is not worth possessing. A people who are not determined upon finding out and following the truth, are sunk in the stagnation of error, and are not worth counting in the world's history. Who can say honestly that either our nationality is so weak, or that as a people we assume that stand in the nity toward perfection. Let the grand march of humanity toward perfection. Let the wonderful progress that has made our glory during the first half of this nineteenth century, answer any such charge. From out of the whirl and excitement of the questions that have agitated us, until the timorous and the designing have cried, "Disunion is the only possible solution," our nationality has always come with a stronger and deeper hold on the American heart. Look at the wonderful mean reforms that have covered the kinds; that makes us more interested in the comfort of the criminal than of his brother, ripening fast into one in poverty and filth. That a nation should be so humane, so conscientious, so careful of those who, by their own actions, or by misfortune, have been shut out from society, is a sight the world has never seen before. And it is this great American heart, guided out from society, is a sight the world has never seen before. And it is this great American heart, guided by the large common sense that in its free expression makes truth of the saying, vox popull, vox Del, that we rely upon now. From out of the present agitation, the sentiment of love for the Union will come stronger, and the respect for our various interests, from whose of the Diver family, three yopen house and gave a free. clash only can be evolved the truth that shall live, will become deeper. And if the demagogues who pretend to represent the nation at Washington will only succeed in convincing us of their own corruption, and disgusting us with their folly and small-minded seltion that will amply

## THE COURT OF DEATH.

Mr. G. Q. Colton, No. 37 Park Row, has just published a magnificent colored (chrome-lithographic) engraving of Rembrandt Peale's celebrated Court of Death, at the fabulously low price of \$1. The original painting, of which the engraving is a facsimile copy, was painted by Mr. Peale in Baltimore, in 1820, and has been greatly admired. There are twenty-three figures in the picture, arranged into five groups, representing Death, War, Sensual Pleasure, Intemperance, the Triumphs of Christian Paith over the Terrors of Death, etc. The best comment that can be made on the engraving, is the following letter from the venerable artist himself: Mr. G. Q. Colton, No. 37 Park Row, has just publish

artist himself:

Punamarua, Nov. 18th, 1886.

I have seen the Crome-Lithographic Engraving of my Pubning of the Court of Death, recently executed for Dr. G. Cottom (the present proprietor), by Sarony, Hapte & Kange, of New York, and can certify that it is no necessic and administration eggs of the original

## LECTURES ON INDIA.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dr. Scudder's lectures on India, which are spoken of by the N. Y. Times, and other journals, in the highest terms.

— Mr. J. Payne Collier, the Shakespearian schol has in press a new and complete edition of the wo of Edmund Spenser. The work will be published the Spring, by Messrs. Bell & Daldy, in their series "Aldine Poets."

and other electronyary institutions—but will start reception " and many happy returns to you. Sire there's an irony, a nort of trifling with solemut things in the power sion of the virtue of Christian charity.

"It's only a positic circumfunction which means—"It's only a politic circumfunction of the virtue of Christian charity.

"May a kind Providence spare you to pay our bill.

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"May a kind Providence spare you to pay our bill.

"May a kind Providence spare you to spar and other elemonary institutions—but we thay respond "and many happy returns to you, Sir," there's an irony, a sort of trifling with solemn things in it, which I can't possibly reconcile with the possion of the virtue of Christian charity.

It is only a politic circumicestion which means—"May a kind Providence spare you to pay our bills." Blast also can it want I how can one be expected to spend a Happy New Year, when it opens with a phalanx of bills, and an array of figures, stating each and all with the most fearful and unmistakable accuracy,

per col for the abstraction of an elderly, as of a juven-ile sheep; and so she had better make arrangements to receive, a la New York, which means, I take it, to set out a lot of nice feed and drink for the border-ruffians who find the opportunity a good one to secure a free lunch of about ten hours' duration.

runch or about ten hours' duration.

Ten years ago, when Mrs. U. kindly consented, at my earnest and flattering solicitation, to lay saide her wings, and to bestow the remainder of her angelic entity upon your most obedient, I had made the same

suggestion, and had left Mrs. U. to receive her friends while I went to pay my decors to mine.

The result may be briefly teld. Mrs. U. sat in state all day, afraid even to rise and get a book, for fear of destroying the charming pow which she had early assumed as befitting the solemnities of the occasion. I returned home shortly after high-noon, and nuveed charmer on the sofa.

I had first called at Mrs. A.'s. I asked Bridget if irs A. was at home.
"Yis—and what shall I tell her you're afther want-

ing wid her?'
To be more lucid to Bridget's apprehension, I put it thus: "Is Mrs. A. receiving her friends to-day?" "Her frinds, is it? Av coorse, she always resave

ner trinds:

"Then, perhaps you'll be good enough to hand her
my card!"—and gently gliding past the Hibernian
Cerberus, I entered the parior. Neither fire, light,
nor life. By-and-by, enter Mrs. A. in a state of evimy card!

dently pitchforked toilette.
"Good morning, Madam, a Happy New you!" (Cordially.)

you!" (Cordially.)
"Good morning, Mr. Umos!" (Anxioualy.)
"I thought, Mrs. A., I would turn out to-day
and say Happy New Year to all the ladies."
"Did you, indeed?" (Incipient doubts of the sanity of Mr. Umos evidently suggesting themselves to the acute perceptions of Mrs. A.)
"And I thought my first call should be on you."

"That was very kind, I'm sure." (Clearly meaning, in her own mind, that she wished I had paid all my complimenta elsewhere.)
"It seems to me, Mrs. A., that the custom of New

Ex use disc, etc. Why enumerate the half-dozen variations of the same performance? Why disclose my unfortunate discharge of myself into family cir-cles, introducing the same degree of comfort and hap-piness, with each renewed effort, as may be supposed would be furnished by a loaded shell with a short fuse, breakfast around their ruby lips, and between their pearly teeth; I found them confronted by their marital protectors, who seemed to think my visit savored of

or the Dives family, threw open house and gave a tree lunch. The consequences were fearful. Houses were taken by storm. Tables were assaulted like so many Malakoffs. My special friend, Dives the Grest, had a magnificent spread. Silver and crystal and porcelain and sumptuous decoration, fash, flesh, and fowl, the glories of Gautièr, and the marvels of Parisian bon-behands mean huled its con-

That put an end to the game. The gluttonous part of the programme is generally omitted, otherwise we go the institution here quite in the know-how-to-as-well-

as you do style.
At 11 the diplomatic corps presented themselves by special invitation at the White House. And let me tell you that with all the glories of New York you'll have been considered to the work of the present of the pres Twenty odd ministers of different rank, with an average of two attachés or secretaries with each; all in gorgeous uniform of almost every conceivable color; all sworded, belted, brakked, gold-laced, chapeaued, all sworded, belted, braided, gold-laced, chapeau decorated; many wearing the cordons, crosses, is other insignia of royal favor, and all men of grace bearing, elegant address, and striking feature,—and test suseable is one which is worth a vinit to Washing to see. There is no one, by the way, who compares to the magnificence of old Baron Bodisco, the represen-tative of the Russian Bear who died here two or three years ago. His diplomatic suit was an ermor of deco-rations. Keys and crosses, crowns and fleeces, were hung on, hooked on, or stitched on every possible spot of his coat, until he seemed panoplied in the golden

ry he is sure to wound no feeling. This tack is an intention to teach him in what direction and how far he of his coat, until he seemed panoplied in the golden and begemmed tokens of regal favor. And right royally did they become the old Russ, who, after all, was a hearty American at heart, and who knew as much about Wall street as he did of St. Petersburgh.

Following the diplomats, the grave and venerable judges of the Supreme Court, in flowing gowns of black, make their congratulations; and after them the people of the boom-a-laddy and quarter-deck order, in all the clank and ratitle of sabre and spur, in all the glitter of button and epaniet, and in all the becoming pride of brave and accomplished gentlemen. The glory of their two arms is departed, since that grand old soldler of Lundy's Lane and Mexico, standing over seven feet in his chapean, offered his homage to his commander-in-chtef, and since that other equally brave man and most gallant tar, old Ironsides Stewart, stood at the head of

man Lady will faint—further she will fire and fall back on me, of course; then I will be a spectacle, won't I, trying to persuade that wretched little Dutch Imp to remember the proprieties of time and place; so that on the most deliberate view of the case which is permitted me, I decline "the chance of a dry-nurse engagement to-day."

As I turned away I met Patrick O'Dougherty, a wor-

thy Hibernian who officiates on weekdays with a spade in the public grounds, entering with his rosy-cheeked in the public grounds, entering with his rosy-checked bride to have his say. Patrick, who is somewhat be-holden to my interest for his official honors and emol-uments, did me the honor to mention my name favor-ably to his "wholf," and when I saked him what he intended to say to the Chief Magistrate, he said ho "would be afther tellin" him that he hoped he wouldn't die of old are as lows as he lived!" die of old age as long as he lived!"

I went and shook hands with that honest old patriot

and big-hearted man, General Cass, and feeling myself honored, after that, would condescend to no man of lower estate.

After dinner I went on the ice and played boy until dark, then I wrote to reassure you that I am very much

## Chonghts and Chings. BY ADA CLARE.

The Atlantic Monthly publishes the first number of The Adontic Monthly publishes the first number of a serial story by Miss Preston, entitled "The Amber Gods." I am so dazzled by a reading of the first num-ber, that I hardly dare express my opinion of it. So much splendor gives rise to distrust in my mind. Is there no redundance in all this blaze of glowing rhet-oric, in this passionate outpouring of wildering words, in this sensuous eloquence of poetic fervor? I hope not; I hope all the glory of light in this un-metred poem radiates from the Illimitable sun-star. But the not; I nope all the glory of light in this un-metred peem radiates from the fillimitable sun-star. But the author must not blind us with unshadowed radiance. Masses of lustrons blue, heaped upon the passionate eagerness of crimson, and that again upon the majesty of proud purple, floating fremulous upon the radiate pulses of pure light, through whose fiery gaps and golden chasms sound in the heavenly distance steps of golden charms sound in the heavenly distance stops of planetary music. But the eye and the heart grow sick and languid with ravishment, and turn towards

By this time I found that Mrs. A. had about as clear conceptions of the object of my call as Biddy had, and ap, with a smoothly turned phrase to allay her disquietude, I made my conge, and departed—doubtless as much to her relief as my own.

Ex uno disc, etc. Why enumerate the half-dozen rariations of the same performance? Why discless introducing the tast night I was present at Arthur Napoleon's benefit. No true lover of music can afford to be indifferent to this young artist. He has done much to ennoble the noblest of instruments. I do not envy the cold impassibility of that man or woman who could listen unmoved to the sweeps of melody that drop pearl-like

from his fingers.

How high he stands above many of those engineer pianists, whom the Press loveth to honor; the perfect execution of Mills, for instance, seems to me, to be many fathoms below his pure spirituality of harmony His school of performance is that of that matchles pdet-musician, that very Apollo of the piano,—Gorr schalk.

I liked the Comedy of "Everybody's Friend," a Mallack's. The critics are inexorable; so, they say, are the best judges. But I think the first province of a comedy is to be comic, which that, to my mind, illimitably is. It has given me more cause for laughter, than any play I have seen since the "Farx Bonshommes" in Paris. Mr. Brougham played the part of a highbred gentieman, of a bashful turn, which is the only part, leaving out the bashfulness, that I think he is fitted to play. The part of low, ragged, roams instance, I hate to see him enact. It is put-ting himself on a level with such fellows as Florence.

Mr. Brougham can neither look nor act the ill-bred man. That handsome, manly face, that rich, sweet voice, that fine figure, ere given to him with a different view. He is the most influential man on the stage in New York, and his is the power to exalt and refi art. Then why waste himself in farces and jigst

I shink two indispensable qualities of humor are lact and good-nature. Whenever a thing becomes bitter, I cannot think it humorous. It becomes satire or perhaps wit.

The true humorist takes not only the comic but the

good-natured view of his subject. In all his pleasant-ry he is sure to wound no feeling. His tact is an in-

aspirations, or heart-would of his companions, may play upon a pipe; but the the may fret Humor, he cannot play and Ac Ondey has no kin for the chill, white tips of sells and pain. A single drop of blood/drowns he We are told that the creat bull fights of spain were much patronism by somes. We are field, also, that on them waited the signal of relief to the wretched human victim was whom the interior interior and he

genius, to set his own little tattling powers in com-parison with the vast abilities of the women I have mentioned.

mentioned.

I heard a linen-draper's clerk, all side-whiskers and aimper, declare that the woman and man together were a whole, but the woman was one-fourth and the man three-fourths of the whole. While he made this remark his eyes were fixed on the superb form of the Cortesi. It was at the moment of one of her finest tragic efforts; her face blazed with latent passions. while along the thunder of her voice, her lambient eyes shook their fires like lightnings.

eyes shook their fires like lightnings.

I thought of the long dapper gentleman, whisker, simper, and all, weighed in the balance against the grand prima dounn, and the idea was adorably comic. It was like putting Mount Etna in one balance, and a grand prima desina, and the idea was adorably comic.
It was like putting Mount Etna in one balance, and a
good, fat pumpkin in the other. If he could have seen
himself in this humorous light, I am sure he could
never have made such a comic remark again.

The true humorist must be a gentleman by nature.
The vulgar and illbred man can have a coarse wit,
but he cannot be a humorist. Delicacy and refinement.
I believe are necessary to the scipality of house.

I believe, are necessary to the vitality of humor Whatever fund of comicality a story may have in itself, it may be undone by coarse words or vulgar allusions in telling it. From being funny it immediately sinks into disgusting harshness. Humor, in taking hold of coarse subjects, must refine and take the corrupting principle from them, else she had better keep her hands pure from their contact. When the jokes become "broad" around the convivial table. semilive hearts are smitten with salness. All genial minds abhor the vulgar and obscene in whatever light they choose to present themselves; they know them to termine, wherever they are, the illumined founds

ion of amusement.

Hevery mind were delicate and refined, could the passion of love know any satisty? I believe not. This humor, which I for my own poor part love to honor, is not the harlequin's art, not the mere laughter of foods. I have called it the glittering flower, whose root strikes deep into the earth, but its eye is fixed up-ward. Even while it plays in the sweet airs, it yearns towards the sun. So humor is seldom without an earnest aim. Tears often glipten beneath its laughter. It not only sports with the follies of life, but it aims to

(For the SATURDAY PRES

The sky was arching over me to-day, This Sunday morn,
As deep and clear as it will be, I pray,
To that dear little one, who, yet unborn, Struggled to find his way Into the life the preachers call forlorn.

I paced my little garden, built around With city walls,
But so protected by them, I have found,
Even in Winter, that the sunlight calls
From the damp, chilly, and unwilling ground. As here at noon it falls,

The same sweet flowers that in June abound The distant chimes rang out upon the air. Their Sunday hymn Of faith and hope in His protecting care, Whose eye is never dim,

Who lovingly has placed his children here. And comforts them if they will trust in His The swelling tones from out the distant spire Sinking to silence, and then rising higher.

Seemed to my anxious heart as though And need we feel for love, while here below While musing thus, the church across the way-Where one can hear Only the terrors of the judgment day,

The wrath of God, the cause we have to fear His cruel power, which for his vengeance may Condemn my infant there
To the hell-fire, which nothing can allay—

Commenced to toll its harsh, discordant bell. Marring the song Of faith, of hope, of love, the chimes would tell.

Of God's sweet mercy, suffering so long,
As though persistently it cried, "In hell
It is that we belong,
Not where our Saviour and his Father dwell." The jarring discord caused a bitter doubt,

Whether or no

It was my heart that made the chimes ring Their trustful praise, so needed here below, Or but the distance made them seem devon While sadly doubting so, About the world and life. I heard a shout :

'Come, sir, and see your new-born infant son,''
,The old nurse cried;
'O! may his life, this New Year's day begun,''—

I said to the pale mother at his side—
Be governed by the song the chimes have rung,'
She smiled with trustful pride—

Mr. Derby, the proprietor of the Dumeldorf col-lection, has it in contemplation to build averal-large fine-art galleries in the neighborhood of Union Square. One will be exclusively devoted to American paintings, another to the pictures of the different foreign schools, and a third to statuary, both native and

particularly that portion of it antecedent to his theu

## Bramatic Feuilleton.

A dull week in the theatres. Dry times in the cou-lisses. A week for heavy dinners, jovial visits, much Bordeaux, and many pipes. A week for Anna Maria,

rather than for PERSONSE.

Ah. Effendi 'you should see the Pearl of Manhat-tan's clothes, about these times. Mr. Butler's friend, Flora M. Flinney, wan't a circumstance to her, this

There was a lovely, pearl-colored ailk, with real Valenciennes flowers, the invoice of which (it came plumb from the Boulevart des Italiens) nearly set the governor wild; and ma thinks, between that and the cold weather, he's sure to have the gout, which will be still more expendee, as he won't allow anybody but A M to come near him then; and perhaps he won't have to pay for that,—oh, no! not at all, by no means—as Mr. Weller would say.

"What is that you say! Never mind A. M.! Tell us about the theatres!"

Just tell her that, once.

the theatres.

What would they do without the demoiselles char-

antes, and the jeunesse doree?

And what are these ornamental classes of the com

munity doing this week?

Do they see the theatres, compared with boned tur-key, mayonnaise de volaille, Honiton, loto, flirtation, Bussian quadrilles, the German cotillon, and yingle-el-

Russian quadrilles, the German cotillon, and yingt-etun' No, indeed, and so the playhouse is given over
to the children and the Peorians, who have to put up
with Ravels, Green Bushes, and The Octoron.

Apropose to Green Bushes, Celeste once told me a very
good story about its performance in London. I will
try to repeal it in her peculiar French-English.

Ah, oui, Monsieur, he is vara good play; I makes
much moneys wix him at ze Adelphi. Every night, before I go to my dressingnoom. I tell my cals he stop before ze pit door, and I see up ze avis "pit" full. Zen I
go to dress, bien satisfy because I know ze house good.

Mais! I have one what you call skelton in my house. Mais! I have one what you call skelton in my house. Ze two comiques was Misser Wright and Misser Bed-ford. Zey was bien amis, and haves all jokes to each oder. Ah, zey was so funny toujours. At ze repetitions, zey make me laugh to kill myself.

Well sey have vara short scene in quatrieme act, where I comes down from se rock, and have to lie as I was dead upon ze stage. I must arrest myself zare till sey have finished, and zen zey disconvere me. Bien zey have inished, and zen zey discouvere me het ze first night zey behave ver vell, and discouvere me h two three minute. I zank Misser Wright, mais! hels he wink wid his eye to Misser Bedford, and zen I know be with with mayer to susser periora, and sen't knowledge to called, and I was terrify. Ze second night sey have few gags, things you know vich is not in se play, but vich make much the house to laugh. Ze next night sey have more gags, and pretty soon sey-extend se seem from two tree minutes to one half hour, and I must be perfore all sat time. I become enragee! I must be perfore all fact time. I become engage:

command Misser Wright he no gag. He laugh and
wink wid his eye to Misser Bedford. I beg him, and
he cry, and he say it is Bedford, and zat Bedford is one
mechant who lead him away, and zen he scold Bedford
and sen sey go way wid their fingers on zeir nose.

Apres ze piece was run two hundred nights, I take

him off and go play him en province. Après som times I revive him in London, and on Thursday I pu up ze notice for ze répétition générale on Saturday ze performance on Monday. Misser Wright he come to me in ze foyer, and he

speaks wid me so:

'You are not, Madame, to do se Green Bush nex

onday."
Onl, certainment, Misser Wright, "I reply.
"It is not possible, Madame," he say.
"Why not?" I say.
"Simply because Misser Bedford and I have forgo

to remember all se gags."

Zen I say wiz ze grande air: "I do him," and I go
home delighted, parfaitement. Zey forgot se gags. I
no have to stay on my back on se stage while sey talk.

We have two repetitions and no gags. O! I was joy ver much! Ze night come; and Mon Dieu! sey speak all se gags which zey have before, and some ones speak all ze gags which zy an accelerate and where Wright I say to him, "Misser Wright, you tell me you forget ze gag for ze Green Bush, and mille de tonneres! you come on ze stage and speak zem all, while I am fatigued

"C'est vrai! Madame, repond le drôle. I did forget

at the cartiste, and who had tresor se gag. I was so enragies levy; and when I go to dress aprés, Misser Wright he send de salute pour Madame, and advise if she feel ver had she put some more Cognac in her water before she go to bed, and take him warm.

A Husband to Order

Will have only a very brief existence at Wallack's, or any where else, for the matter of that.

I have seen something about one hundred nights in London: but that if true is not important. London runs don't amount to anything here, now-a-day.

I Hashand to Order is a two-act comedy, Un Marioge saws I Empire, clever but not brilliant. The public guess away from the performance only remembering that Mr. Lester's buckskins were irreproachable, and Mrs. Hoey's laces and diamonds the real thing.

The critics tell the public that Mrs. Hoey is an aristocratic French female, who has been compelled by the

tocratic French female, who has been compelled by the Emperor to marry a splendid looking fellow like Lester, who is parbleu! one of the middle class, but a Colonel

Now the fact is, a Colonel in the Army, in those days, condescended, when he married a broken down

Theatre next Monday night. I den't see anything more about Sir Walter Scott in the avis, and I'm straid that we shall have to put up with Bourcicault as stage-manager. Perhaps Sir Walter might be better, but net much.

The Webb Sisters are going to play over in the Bowery. Are you not delighted? I am. I never saw them, but the "entire California press pronounces them to be the best artists of the day."

I await the debuts of the Webb Sisters with feverish anxiety.

There are, it appears, two good male characters which were played by J. W. Wallack, Jr., and E. L. Davenport. A part called Raspo was appropriately cast to Mr. Hatchet.

to Mr. Hatchet.

I should go more minutely into the details of this play, but as I hear it is to be done in the metropolis, and as no one has any great respect for rural criticism, I refrain. Apropos to the general subject, I may make a most important literary and dramatic announcement, one that will create an intense excitement in the "gidded saloons of the aristocracy." Listen :

and aristocratic conjunctions, will make her first ap-pearance upon any stage, etc., etc. Where, I ask, where will the Octoroon, James Denns, Geraldine, Lesbia, Mr. Bateman, Walt Whitman, Miss Agnes Robertson, and the Shu-shu-ga, be, after

They have the Opera in Boston this week, and don't

They have the Opera in Boston this week, and don't seem to know exactly what to do with it.

Generally they don't see Ullmann's pumps and real tubs, and object as the metropolitan critics did to the stupid cast of the Vespers. Then they talk about "an unwieldy barge, hideously improbable in its mechanism," and even make fun of Granger, armorer to their Imperial Majestics, L. N. and B. U.

All the articles commence with puffs for the new chandelier. The Per says it "created a semantion."

The Courier declares that "it is really a splendid thing, "and that the chorus paid more attention to it than to "the conductor." Again, after pitching into the

"the conductor." Again, after pitching into the people all round, "the chandelier is very fine." That's what they call satire in the provinces.

Patti was seen and heard to an immense exter

Patti was seen and heard to an immense extent. The Atlas critic don't like the sage of her voice, whatever that is; but it will probably be ground down for him. The poor Fapore gets another bat in the eye. The Luciu "is worth all the Fapore that ever blotted

the Jama' "is worth all the Vapors that ever blotted paper." Hrigholl, we are told, seemed to "move as "though under the shadow of an iceberg." He was in a colder place. He was injuring to a Boston audience. Kane couldn't have done that without abivering.

ALL ABOUT A MOUKING-BIRD.

What is the reason-why of Walt Whitman's lyr utterances, as soon as any of them is heard, rousing usuch vehement intellectual censures and contumel from some persons, and then equally determined brave

from some persons, and then equally determined braves from other persons?

Passing by certain of the latter, the complimentary sort, with which the journals, welcoming Walt's reappearance and recovery of his singing-voice after an obstinate three years' dumbness, have accepted that Mocking-Bird Chant printed by us in the Savuxnav Passe, of Dec. 24, preceding, we selse upon and give to our readers, in another part of the paper, a specimen of the sort of censure alluded to—a tip-loo cutting-and-slashing criticism from the Cincinnati Duily Commercial, which we have commod with unfedgrad pleasure. All of which is respectfully submitted as outset for something else made way to be said, namely:

We feel authorised to announce, for certain, that the Mocking-Bird, having come to his throat again, his cantabile, is not going to give cause to his admirers

Mocking-Bird, having come to his throat again, his cantabile, is not going to give cause to his admirers for complaining that he idles, mute, any more, up and down the world. His songs, in one and another direc-tion, will, he promises us, after this date, profusely

out the true "LEAVES or GRAM," the fuller-grown work of which the former two issues were the inchestes. — this forthcoming one, far, very far ahead of them in quality, quantity, and in supple lyric exuberance.

In love, you cannot understand the peculiarities of my Those former issues, published by the author himself in little pittance-editions, on trial, have just drop it understated the peculiarities of my present position, and I should prefer that you would not understate to try, for the human mind ought never to the book enough to ripple the lines first-circles of literary agitation, in immediate contact with it. The outer, vast, extending, and ever-wider-extending circles, of the general supply, perusal, and discussion of such a work, have still to come. The market needs to-day to be supplied—the great West expecially—withing of the sort. I think his remark was that he didn't know anybody else; which struck me as forcible at all. Welt Whitman, for his own purposes, slowely trying his hand at the edifice, the structure he has understaken, has lastly loafed on, letting words.

In the color of the contact with it.

The market needs to such a work, have still to come. The market needs to-day to be supplied—the great West expecially—with copious thousands of copies.

Indeed, "Laavas or Gaass" has not yet been really published at all. Welt Whitman, for his own purposes, slowely trying his hand at the edifice, the structure he has understaken, has lastly loafed on, letting world.

\*\*Colonel, "aid I, "hitherto I have known you on-supplied and anxiety to change positions and he ran error and structure." In the supplied and still, "hitherto I have known you on-supply feel and still any to the supplied of the contact with it.

\*\*Colonel, 'said I, "hitherto I have known you on-supply feel and the loafed on, letting world.

\*\*The colonel dependent of the supplied of the contact with it.

\*\*The colonel dependent of the supplied of the supplied

But the consulty of the subscriber, who has often swore a great casts never to see A. M., any more, and altered his mind when half a block away from her house, the Colonel comes back disguised in plain clothes, pumps the lady, ascertains that he is rated A. in her affections and re-takes her to his bosons.

This is all very fine until you come to look at it closely. The quarrellings over the meanliance is matural, perhaps inevitable. It occurs to-day as well in the Fifth avenue as in the Rue des Champs Elysées. But the form of the reconciliation is absurd. Mr. Lesses two was not disguised in any way, and would not have deceived any woman for a moment. Instead of dissolving she would have tormented him without mercy. There are two very well drawn minor characters in this piece, a jolly Brittany farmer admirably acted by Mr. Sloan.

This French artists have resumed possession of the theatre in Broadway, and have performed during the week Lie Liennes Passers and Lie Creckit & Ptre Martin.

Mr. Lester Wallack's new play, The Ressure of a course of his writings.

Marin.

Mr. Leuter Wallack's new play, The Romance of a Poor Young Mon, will be preduced next Wednesday or Thursday.

It is understood that The Octorous will be withdrawn from the Winter Garden in about a fortnight, to make room for a new piece.

A correspondent, who makes an inquiry as to why Mr. George Jordan is not at present soting in the city, is informed that since his irrepressible conflict with haurs Keene, Li.D. (in which Portia lout her case), he has received many offers, both here and in the Provinces, but pending the decision in his suit, he could not accept any of them. I presume that fir. Stuart will, in good time, secure the mervines of as fire ished, able, and popular artist as life. Jerdan, and the will make his rentrice at the Winter Garden.

Mr. Bourcicanit's new version of The Hiert of Mid-Lethien is announced to be produced at Laura Kosme's

Walt Whitman is method in the construction of his Comment is the Weit I' Walt Whitman is method in the construction of his Comment is the Weit I' Walt Whitman is method in the construction of his Comment is a construction of his Comment is made and the construction of his Comment is announced to be produced at Laura Kosme's

songs is strictly the meshed of the Italian Opera, which, when heard, confounds the new person aforesaid, and, as far as he can then see, showing no purport for him, nor on the surface, nor any analogy to his provious accountment times, impresses him as if all the sounds of earth and hell were tumbled promisestously together. Whereanon he mays what he candidly thinks (or supposes he thinks), and is very likely a first-rate fellow—with room to grow, in certain directions.

them to be the best artists of the day."

I await the debuts of the Webb Sisters with feverish anxiety.

En Province.

The Heron has been doing a new play in Boston.

Losios is the title, and the Shu-shu-ga has conveyed it herself from the Ganl.

The Athenian crickets are in their usual non-incended condition of mind about it.

One jocker (the Carrier) commences his article by saying that "if the man lives who, after spending an entire evening in a theatre, witnessing the first representation of a five-act play, can then at eleven of clock sit down and at once give an intelligent opinion upon the piece, he is a rare bird," and then goes on to prove the veracity of his statement as far as he is individually concerned, by giving a quadrilateral account of the leading incidents in the plot.

I gather, however, from it a few items here and there.

The scene is laid in Venice. Of course, Toujours Venise. Well, it is a nice place, but why not in lowego somettimes?

However, to get on: Lesbia is a gushing young Venetian who has made a faux-pas. "The partner of her guilt" grows tired of her, and throws her over for another. This is the delightful state of things with which the play commences, and then there goes on during four houre what our cricket calls "merely a conflict between love and jealousy," ending with the suicide of Lesbis.

There are, it appears, two good male characters, which were played by J. W. Wallack, Jr., and E. L.

at all.

We are to accept those and every other literary and poetic thing from beyond the seas, thankfully, as studies, exercises. We go back—we pause long with the old, ever-modern one, the Homer, the only chanting mouth that approaches our case near enough to raise a vibration, an echo. We then listen with accurake a vibration, an echo. We then listen with accuinsulated cagerness for those mouths that can make the
vaults of America ring here to-day—those who will
not only touch our case, but embody it and all that
belongs to it—sing it with varied and powerful (dioms,
and in the modern spirit, at least as capable, as loud
and proud as the best spirit that has ever preceded us.
Our own some, free lovous and masterful. Our Our own song, free, joyous, and masterful. Our own music, raised on the soil, carrying with it all the subtle analogies of our own associations—broad with Listen:

My new five-act tragedy, Anna Moria, is nearly ready for the stage, and it is probable that a young lady of full of the varied products of its varied soils—combrilliant personal attractions, rare accomplishments, and aristocratic conjunctions, will make her first apart of the varied products of its varied soils—comprehensively Religious—Democratic—the red life-blood of Love, warming, running through posite—comprehensively Religious—Democratic—the red life-blood of Love, warming, running through every line, every word. Ah, if this Walt Whitman, as he keeps on, should ever succeed in presenting such music, such a poem, an identity, emblematic, in the regions of creative art, of the wondrous all-America, material and moral, he would indeed do something.

material and moral, he would most to sometime.

And if he don't, the Mocking-Rird may at least have the satisfaction of dying in a good cause. But then again he looks so little like dying, anyhow.

# THE STANDARD OF DEFEAT.

My young friend, Mr. T. B. Aldrich, had in the Tuz ATURDAT PRIMS, a week or two ago, a delightful story, allivened by woodcuts. That may be very well for Aldrich, but it must be

anderstood that this article is not to be illustrated.

The reason is, that I entertain enmity toward ar-

The narration will perhaps bring upon me the score of society and the pittless sarcasms of friends. But at present I am insensible to objurgation. I know, at least, that I shall find a gloomy satisfaction in reveal-ing the circumstances of the meet touching incident of

ing the circumstances of the most touching incident of my life.

When I first saw Miss Egglesbyn, not many months ago, she was standing, artistically absorbed, before Mr. Fred. Church's last and greatest painting. Her lips were slightly parted, and one of her eyes was closed. The other was shaded by her delicate right hand, which she liad twisted into an extemporaneous lorgnette, for purposes of optical concentration. Her face glowed with admiration, and the flutterings of the pink parasol in her left hand betrayed the tremulous excitement which animated her. She was a stranger pink parasol in her left hand betrayed the tremulous excitement which animated her. She was a stranger to me, yet I yearned toward her. When I said to Bowden, my companion, that she was very beautiful, he blandly acquiesced, and turned his attention to the production of Mr. Church. His coolness made me shudder, and I betook myself to the warmth of fascination which the fair stranger diffused.

Presently her lips were agitated. "Ah! what soul," ahe murmured, addressing nobody in particular; whereupon I felt emboldened to answer.

"Pardon me," I said, "it is The Heart, and not 8onl, that you are gazing upon."

The reader will observe the subtle delicacy of this jest. The young lady at once appreciated it, for she

jest. The young lady at once appreciated it, for she permitted a rosy flush to suffuse her cheeks, and her yes to turn approvingly in my direction. But the natural restraints of modesty checked her hilarious impulses, and repelled the rising smile, ere it had fully illumined her countenance.

The Colonel made an interrogation-mark of his eye-

brows.

"Because," I continued, "if you never have been in love, you cannot understand the peculiarities of my

world.

"Colonel," sald I, "hitherto I have known you on ly as a soldier and a gallant hero; but now war thoughts must leave their places vacant, for in my breast come througing seft and amorous desires."

"That's Shakespeare," said the Colonel.

"True," said I, "it is."

"Mr. Gamples," said the Colonel, "what can I do for you, sir!"

"Colonel," said I, "you can make me acq

The Colones uttered benevolent words of ament, and led me to the object of my anxieties. In an andible woice he pronounced our two names, here first, waited until the dignity of formal preliminaries was over, and after turning conversation into the pleasant channels of the weather and its prospects, left us.

When I say that since that moment my mind has only knewn a broken posen, I sufficiently indicate the importance of the occasion.

I unguardedly extended the happiness I had just experienced to my companion, Bowden. Limitless generally, and a too credulous confidence in the integrity of friends, have been my bane from childhood.

I mean to be just. Bowden, though a cruel deceiver, and an agonizing thorn in the side of my happiness—though the heartless spiller of my cup of biles and the hard-soled transpler upon my affections—is an accomplished creature. Moreover he is an artist, and knows all about touches and tints and middle-grounds and things, which to me are Eleminian in their nature. At the time when I presented him to Min Englasbys, without regarding my feelings, he mid come more, and then the answered again. I think the subject was Mr. Church's picture; and I know that when I ventured

and crushed by Bowden, from whom I had a right to expect more considerate treatment. But as nom as we weat forth into Broadway, I felt myself which with ground, and capable of compatition with my companion upon more equal terms. I competed, and, I think, with crushit to myself.

For many weeks thereafter, I was occupied with Mim Egglesbyn. I standied her tastes, and purchased Ruskin, and went into a course of methotic reading, with a special view to countemention of the artist who maintained acquaintance with the lady whom I adored, as if to apite me.

I never told my love, but let concealment, tike a bug in a rug, prey on. Once I intimated a remonstrance in the matter of Bowden, but I do not think it was kindly received. It was after this manner that it came about:

came about;
"Mim Egglesbyn," said I one day, "do all Net
York beauties have as many followers as you?"
"Dear me," said she, quite confused, "what a que

"Follower?" said she inquiringly.
"Yea," said I.
"O, I have my little suite," she answered inner

"You might, sir," she answered, "but it would be

"You might, sir," she answered, "but it would be very presumptuous. Let us not talk of it."
This was depressing, but my spirits are naturally recuperative. So I besought the favor of conducting Miss Egglesbyn to the English and French Exhibition on the next day, and after gaining her favorable answer, withdraw. We were to meet at one o'clock, P. M., at Twenty-sixth street.

I considered myself sound on the English and French question. I, had been immersed in the morasses of Pre-Raphaelism for several days, and felt able to disques Turner and the rest of these months with vice-

Pre-Raphaellam for several days, and felt able to discuss Turner and the rest of those people with vigor. Still there were some points upon which I desired a more exact understanding. So the next morning I took Ruskin under my arm, and went off in search of Bowden, in the Studio Building.

"How are you, my boy?" said Bowden.

"Festive," said I.
Bowden and I affect.

"Festive," said I.

Bowden and I affected good-will toward one another.

I hid my undercurrent of contumely by an uppercrust of frankniess. I suppose he did the same by me, although I never asked him.

"What's up?" said I.

"New picture," said he; "see,—Standard Bearer. Come, I'm glad you're here. Be my model; I want a

model.

I thought he did, but restrained my first impulse to tell him in what way.

"Can we talk?" said I.

"To be sure," said he.
"Very well," said 1; "I want to consult with you upon certain questions of Art Principles—acc abstract and metaphysical."
"Good," and he.

"Good," said he.
Under his guidance, then, I submitted myself to the
arrangements he proposed. The long stick of his
sketching umbrella, with its corroded spear, was thrust
into tay hand. A stray shirt, fished from some recess
of his wardrobe, was wound around it. This was the
Standard. I was then horisontalised upon a sofa, and Standard. I was then horisontalised upon a sofa, and distorted into strange postures. My legs were wreathed in wondrous sinuosities. My arms were tossed aloft. My head was twisted sharply and stiffly to the right. "Can you stand it?" asked Bowden. "Of course," said I. "Most people think so," said he, "but it isn't easy, after the first two minutes."

I laughed him to scorn. "I can do this forever," I said.

I said.

At the end of five minutes, perspiration enveloped see. My limbs lost their vitality. My pulses throbbed. Two more, and various aches smalled me. But how could I show weakness at this time? With heroic fortude, I held to my position for ten other minutes, talking lightly all the while. Then my voice falled me, and my strained nerves yielded.

"Hold up, Bowden," I said, a little faintly; "it is sather hard."

rather hard. "I thought so," said Bowden; "You can't do it,

Then the Gamples blood rose. "Do it!" said I.

Then the Gamples blood rose. "Do it!" said I, "nonsense. I want to pull off my boot, that's all." The boot was discarded, and, outwardly firm, though inwardly insecure, I resumed the rack.

For nearly half an hour, I sat quiet. At least all was over. Bowden was gratefully profuse. He assisted me to rise. He seemed concerned to find that I was eramped. As I endeavored to pooh-pooh him, I found, to my horror, that I could not turn my head.

When I revealed this state of things, Bowden laughed. At that, I offered to quarrel with him, but he excused himself. Finding he was not to be irritated, I had no hesitation in uttering many splenetic things to his disadvantage.

had no hesitation in uttering many splenetic things to
his disadvantage.

In the midst of my wrath, I remembered my engagement. My watch told me the hour had passed.

I am afraid that I hestowed profamities upon Rowden,
who became inhumanly boisterous over my wry-necked
efforts to settle my choler.

I left him in anger, and shook much dust from my
feet upon the mat outside his door. I walked rapidly
up Tenth street, encountering inquisitive glances from
respectable passengers, and derisive allusions to the
misfortune of my neck from rude and ragged children.
I humor with shape.

whe mad.

We were walking down the avenue. I kept the inside, for reasons before mentioned. Miss Egglesbyn expressed anxiety to change positions with me. I protested, with seems degree of patios, I think. She insisted. What could a man do?

processed, with seeme degree of pathon, I think. She insisted. What could a man do!

This change was my great reversal. I strove in vain to move my unwilling muscles. I know that, facially, I deepended into an unhanithy purple. Miss Reglesbyn saked me, in a tone of wonder, what could be the matter. I was smable to look upon her. A steady giare in an opposite direction was all I could accomplish. But comothing must be done. I must speak to her, i excuse myself, retire, and hope for her lemience. How to do this? Only one way was clear.

I turned slowly round, un?I my eyes met hers, and i walking backward, began to utter phrases which I now believe may have been incoherent. Miss Reglesbyn recoiled in alarm. My hestitating sentences, my ruddy hue, my marvellous retrogremive eccentricity of motion, all seemed to appal her.

"Mis. Gamples," mid she, "what have you been doing?"

doing ! "
"Miss Egglesbyn," said I, "I have been Standard-

"Miss Eggressys,
Bearing."
"Sir," she said, before I could offer another explanatory word, "that I regret to see you thus, I need
not tell you. But so public an affront ought not to pass
unrebuted. You will leave the now, and you will understand me when I say that it is proper our acquaintterminate."

I was dimbatrack. Her horrid suspicions were evident to me. My lips refused their office. I looked appealingly at her, but she moved away in stately signed. Could my sharper pung remain for me?

Yes, one. For just below me, at the corner, I mw my evil worker, my Quel-shin (Chinese mythology), approach her smillingly, and after little affabilities, walk

pleasantly away with her up Tunth street in the direction of the English and Pressl. Inhibition.

Need you wonder, now, that I chain for this article immensity from illustration?

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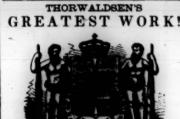
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affects stope to the strengent imagination. Apreniar, date. Dr. to make the control of the control people but he determined to imitate emetty the rick, mellow time of the control of the

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COCOAINA, DR BENJAMIN'S HAIR RESTORATIVE, the may proportion to the world that will really restore.

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The second powers are truly weathers.

who will try this remedy, and personne in it long except to give it a classic to question to the roots of the bair, and renow their test wall life and vigor. The life was provided to except the life of Thy it occur, and our will survey be noticided to except the it will also common the bair, majori to it a boundful brightness, and remote it seed, below, majori to it a boundful brightness, and remote it seed, built of the life of the life of the curl. TOME.

K. CRUGER, Agent.

(For THE SATURDAY PRIME a Newport Memory :

WHEREIN YE BARDLING BUPLAYERS YE CON YE TENDER PASSION.

BY H. T. SPERRY

Years—years ago—when first I thought
Of writing rhymes and verses;
Ere I had learned to set at maught
The critics and their curses;
And half believed that fame was bought, With Editors and purses; That girls were women, grown and taught, Ere they had left their nurses;

In short, when I was very gay, And full of youth's romancing; And apt at changing night to day. And dollars into dancing; While on the waves at Newport bay. One night the moon was glancing I met, and loved sweet Vora Gray, Eighteen, and quite entrancing.

As claimed by some beholders; A Grecian nose, and royal head, And very splendid shoulders; A fair white hand, and eyes that shed Their fire like charging soldiers And then, her dowry it was said,

There where the dazzled young and old,

Through fortunes swiftly dash on; And in their living, say they're sold To heathen gods of fashion; Where grand turn-outs in gilt and gold. Our lauding eyes would firsh on— We laughed, and sighed, and danced, and bowle

Her father was a country squire, Rich, old, and quite rheumatic She had a sister full of tire-Her brother was erratic; She wrote; and made the Press admire Her lines and tropes didatic; And sang sweet songs about her lyre, To see me grow extatic.

She led me oft, a weary walk

Where beetling cliffs were frowning.

And bravely through the surf would stalk To save the girls from drowning; She loved rare suppers, --knew the chalk Of those served up by Downing; And quoted Poe, or Browning

She talked of surplice, or of gown ; Of lager, or of laces, Of Brougham's form, or Forrest's frown Of clowns or of the graces; of modern whims, or thoughts From old abnormal races; And wished the hotels, like the town; Were full of handsome faces.

I ogled at the Ocean, And sent each day a billet-donx, Describing my emotion; Creating, yes, alsa 'tis true! Some scandal—some commo Among her lovers, not a few,

We met, my diary says in June,
The ball had hardly started,
I proved myself a landlord's boon,
For which my uncle smarted;
We breathed our yows 'neath July's moon And when hot August closed-too soon ! We sighed, and wept, then parted

We parted—those short months of joy To by-gones quickly faded; While others came with their alloy, And brought new loves as they did; I changed somewhat-grew less a boy My College hopes were shaded— Then finding love too gay a toy. In milroad tickets traded.

Years burried by—our and farewell Became an old-time matter; We met again, but woe to tell, She scowled when I gased at her She scowled when I gased as her; I heard her rubric-haired boy's yell, And her tongue's discordant clatter; And she was not the Newport Belle, But the wife of Jones, the hatter. Hartford, O., January, 1860.

> (For Two SATURDAY PROP LEAVES FROM NATURE.

No. II.

We've had a snow-storm. I noticed the vane as the wind turned it toward a stormy quarter, and saw the clouds gather. From my window I watched, as I love to do, the falling of the tiny flakes of snow—and watched, too, how object after object was hidden from my view, until all things became enrobed in white, my view, until all things became enrobed in white, and you will discover that in most cases the casts are all in your eye.

THEORY OF CASTS.—Many theatres are calling public attention to their remarkable casts. Look upon them, and you will discover that in most cases the casts are all in your eye.

The storm ceased, the clouds broke away, and the un shone forth bright and beautiful; but its warm rays could not rob the earth of nature's covering, ex-cepting in some sheltered spot, so piercing cold came

As I sat gazing on this bridal landscape I heard the wind knocking at my window as if it would speak to me. I listened—and it said: To do good, man must be fixed in his purpose as the East wind must steadily blow to produce a storm. After pursuing the seesant thow to produce a storm. After pursuing the course that conscience prompts, resolution comes to the aid of purpose, like the storm-clouds which gather as if to assist the wind. The falling mow-flakes are bless-ings which are sure to descend on him who follows ings which are sure to descend on him who follows duty's path; and as the snow eventually wraps the bare earth in a pure white drapery, so will a pure joy obliterate all cause for sorrow from the heart, of him who is constant in the pursuit of right. Hany will be the snares set to tempt him to do wrong, as the sun casts down its warmth to melt the snow. But conscience (man's friend in trouble) comes to his support, and if listmed to, shields him from all harm, as the chill wind renders the snow impenetrable to the warming sunbeam. But some heed not conscience—mind not its precepts. They are the sheltered spots on which the snow, God's emblem of purity, can never rest.

rest.

— Two young aspirants for literary fame are about to make their first appearance in the world of letters. The one is Mr. W. Whavood Reade, a nephew of the celebrated author of "Never Too Late to hiend." His book—to be entitled "Liberty Hall, Ozon,"—is announced for the commencement of Docember, and like "Tom Brown at Oxford," will be a movel of college life. The other candidate is a lady—life Oxford, and a knowledge in art—the art of arts, make, especially—appear in a hasty emmination of the advance sheets of her work. The novel is without few years since, in Meyerbeer's Opera of "Robert the Devil." Since that period she has been residing in Italy, where a dangerous illness so impaired her vocal powers, as to compel her to relinquish her profusion. Her work, "Before the Dawn," in intended to illustrate the condition of the people of Italy previously to the recent struggle.

Y. LASTE FLIPPE-FLAPPE OF Y. NOBLE

Te Bonner keeps a Historian.

The annals of the Leiger will henceforward be chronicled and emblasoned, and doubtless take their place among the archives of the Republic, along with the Declaration of Independence and Stephen H. Branch confession. This is as it should be. Great men, from the improportal heave supported feudal retinues. Jester was vacant, we should like to enter a proposal for that jocular office. We also could recommend a capital Trumpeter to the gallant Sir Bonner, but we believe that the knight in question plays upon that noble instrument himself.

noble instrument himself.

We learn by an advertisement, that the Hon. Edward We learn by an advertisement, that the Hon. Edward Everett, in the Ledger of the past week, has devoted his fine mind to the production of a "Description of the Ledger Establishment," and an "account of the way it was built up." We are further informed that "the subject is treated in Mr. Everett's elevated, graphic, and picturesque style, and he gives much information concerning the Ledger which will be new to the public." Henceforward Mr. Richard B. Yeadon and the state of the learn title to his cortexical deity and in will be "Orator, Patriot, Sage, Cicero of America Laudator of Washington, Apostle of Charity, High Priest of the Union, Friend of Mankind," and Histo

Priest of the Union, Friend or Managing, and relation of the Ledger!

We are not readers of the Bonnerian sheet, but we can easily imagine how charming the details of the progress of the Ledger must seem when worked up in Mr. Everett's "picturesque and graphic "style. It is doubtless treated somewhat after this fashion:

doubtless treated somewhat after this rashion:

"Not far from where the pleasant slopes of Fulton street gently decline towards the margin of the noble river whose waves wash the aboves of South street, where the odorous perfume of Baleanic oils mingle in olfactory harmonies with the aromas of the impervious olfactory harmonies with the aromas of the impervious tar, and the tenacious oakum; where the eye reposes with pleasure on the charming gradations of color that glow along the alsles of the market-place, sliding from the rosy hue of the laboriously poliabed spitabergen to the phosphoreacent splendor of the decomposing had-dock; where the gentle reverberation of the omailbus, and the plaintive cry of the hackman greet the ear of the wayfarer with a mild and soothing melody—in the immeliate neighborhood of this romantic spot. the immediate neighborhood of this romantic spot, there lies a pleasant by-way, hallowed to history for all time, called Ann street. It is a spot that reeks with time, called Ann street. It is a spot that reeks with interesting associations, and superior mid. On one side towers that imposing pile known as the Herald Buildings, in whose vault laborious steam giants work unceasingly for the moral and intellectual reformation of mankind. Hard by, a fane of exquisite beauty lifts its symmetrical bell-tower high in air, and not unfrequently one may behold the healthy and graceful typographer bearing the quadrilateral form from the adjacent foundry. It is in this interesting spot that the temple of Modern Reason has been erected. It is from hence insue the myriad hebdomadal sheets that textry wit and wisdom and elegant writing forth to gladden and instruct the world. Here sits enthroned, in bland majesty, the monarch of the weeklies. That broad and imposing staircase has been trodden by the feet of a Fern, an Everett, and a Cobb. It is here that Washington's bones have been enfranchied from permitary alson's bones have been enfranchied from permitary alson. ton's hone have been enfranchised from permiary als very; it is here that the noble Bennett bared his hear to the universe, and sang pathetically the moving story of his Mary-Ann. This is the centre of Though —the home of Fiction—the palladium of the integrity of Mind. It is, in a word, the abode of Bonner!"

or Mind. It is, in a work, the aboute of boiner:
If this style of composition should compare favorably with the description of the Ledger Establishment
in the columns of that paper, we beg to offer our services to Mr. Bonner, and propose as a subject, the Histories of Lantern and Lady Woodruff.— Vanity Fair,

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S TOBACCO-STOPPER

BY PAUL WARD.

Sir Isaac having weighed the laws
Of gravitation and attraction,
Their ev'ry "wherefore?" and "because,"
Disposed of to his shiftsaction;
(Vainglorious of his knowledge clear
On subjects of the Fall and Apple?)
Felt drawn to matrimony's sphere,
And dared with Woman's Love to grapple?

A dame was found who though: the sage Would a celestial body deem her, Who sought to make the Knight her page, Her wakeful siave, the star-struck dreams But ah! her conquest, boasted loud, Proved of an absence most provoking. Porever wrapt within a cloud.—
In fact her flame was always smoking!

One day her lily hand he selsed

(A thing he might have thought of sooner):
A thrill of hope the damest selsed,
He'd now descend to thoughts sub-lunar!
But, 'stend of pressing it with lip,
As would have been but right and proper,
Its dainty little finger-tip
He used—as a tobacc-stopper!

The lady acreamed—the knight implored:
No! 'twas an insult nought could wipe ou
His tears she scorned, his giffs restored.
And put, for good and all, his pipe out.
The story proves (a moral's yoks,
If thread so slight has strength to carry)
Either that husbands shouldn't smoke,

VANITIES FROM "VANITY FAIR."

WHO KILLED BROWN'S MER! -- White Chokers

Wos on Wassis.—There is no such thing as g credit in an omnibus; you always have to "pay

Arran his recent Parisian orgies, in what co will John Mitchell return to this country? He will come Bac-chan-alian.

THE SEAT OF DISEASE. - An invalid's chair

THE SEAT OF DIRLOW.— An invalid's chair.

CON. FOR AMARISM. VOLUMEN.— What is the most
important point in amateur violin-playing?

A BROWN STUDY.—Wendell Phillips' Library.

A DRIBBURG-CARE.—Beau Brummel.

COOL PROCEEDING.—Driven Show.

A SHIP IN DEFINE.—The Speakership.

THE GAME OF THE EDIRBURGH BRIWER.—HOP SCOTCH
THE ADMONSTRATE OF THE CHEMICAL HOPS.

THE ADMONITION OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.-Du

- It is well known that Baron Humb faithful valet of forty years' service, his library and other movable property. The bequest has been di-geted by the nearest relations of Humboldt, and the whole effects were placed under the seal of the Urbar whole effects were placed under the seal of the Urban Court of Berlin. The first decision was in favor of the legatee, but the family have appealed to a higher court, and a delay of three months to put in proofs in support of their protestation has just been granted. The question excites fluch interest in Germany, from the unique character of the library.

AMERICAN WATCHES MADE BY THE

AT WALTHAM, MASS.

Attention is invited to the following ste

A gold medal was awarded the Company by the M A gold medal was also awarded them by the

titute, at New York, in 1857. medal—from the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, in 1858.

These watches have now been in the market for nearly to years, during which time they have been tested as to so cy, durability, and reliability, in every conceivable manne and have proved themselves to be the most satisfactory ti

This result has been brought about by a strict applicat of mechanical science to the construction of the Watch from its very inception, rendering it, when finished, math cally correct in all lis proportions, and, necessarily, as per fect a time-keeper as it is possible to make.

The Company have tested their watches, in many instan

res, by actual daily noting, and the result of this test he been that they have exhibited a rate equal in regularity t the best Marine Chronometer. The following certificates as from gentlemen who have carried their Watches with the in their daily avocations, and are, therefore, reliable indica-tions of what may be expected from the American Water when in ordinary active use:

Mr. R. E. Rossiks, Tress. Am. Watch Co.;

Dans Siz.—The American watch, No. 9240, presented me by the New York Chess-Club, has proved to be a most reliable and accourate time-keeper—almost unnecessarily so for ordinary purposes. It is now searly five months since it came into my pomession, and during that period its variation from standard time has been but a triffe more than half a minute. The following is a record of its performance. It was set June 34, correctly:

June 15, fast 4 seconds. Aug. 15, fast 18 seconds July 1, "6" 15, "28" "15, "28" "Aug. 1, "16" Oct. 1, "31" 1 give you permission to make such use of this statement as you may think proper. I am, with respect, yours truly, PAUL MORFHY. July 1, "

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;
DEAR Six:—It gives me great pleasure to comply wit
your request for a report of the performance of the Amer
can watch I purchased of you Dec. 2d, 1858. It was set o can watch I purchased of you Dec. 2d, 1858. It was set on that day, and its variation from true time to the 19th of Pehreary, 1859, when I let it run down, was tes seconds fast. From that time to the present, it has run with nearly per fect steadiness, having, during the eight months, remained at from seven to nine seconds fast, and this with uncommon ly rough usage. I can commend your manufacture in the highest terms. Yours truly,

JAMES H. CLAFF,

Firm of Clapp, Puller & Brown, Bankers, Boston.

The following is from Mr. Porter, the well-known Marine
Chronometer and Watchmaker:
Bosrow, Sept. 29th, 1859.
Ms. R. E. Rossins, Treas. Am. Watch On;
DEAN Six:—I have sold during the last year a consider
able number of watches of the Waltham manufacture, and
am happy to my that all of them, without exception, have
fulfilled my guaranty, and have given satisfaction to the pur
chasers.
Grossox E. Postras.

CRICAGO, Ill., Sept. 27th, 1859.

R. E. Robertes, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR Str.:—I have, at the suggestion of a number of persons, made a thorough examination of the plan of construction adopted by your Company in the manufacture of watches, and have no hasitation in pronouncing it to be simple, exinstific, and eminently practical. It would be very remarkable if any single watch made on this plan should fall to be an accurately performing time-keeper. I would shout as soon expect to see the sun make a banik, as to see one of your American Watches do so. Very respectfully,

Mechanical Engineer and practical Machinist. Mechanical Engineer and pra-

Bosyon, August 20th, 1859.
R. E. Rossins, Tress. Am. Watch Oc.;
Dean Sin: —The "Waltham," which I purchased some six months since, has given entire satisfaction. Its time has been fully equal to that of a "Prodeham," which I owned more than a year. Truly yours,
ALEERY MOYCALF, 65 Franklin street.

Book Room, 200 Mulberry street, 
NEW YORK, Oct. 5th, 1859.

R. E. Borrins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

Dran Sta:—I take great pleasure in being able to certify that for the last six months I have carried a watch from the manufactory of the American Watch Company, and that it has given perfect satisfaction as a time-keeper. Judging from the one I have, I do not hesitate to predict that the day is not far distant when watches made in the United States will seperated all others.

James Floy, D.D.

BOSTON, Aug. 9th, 1859.

R. E. Robbins, Tress. Am. Watch Co.;
DEAR Sin:—I take pleasure in stating that the America Watch I have of your manufacture, performs to my entitle activation, running regularly at the rate of thirty second fast per month.

Capt. GORBAR H. BASSEPT.

Dram Sun:—The watch I bought of you—one of your ad-justed Chro. Bal. movements—rules to my entire antafaction. For the peat three months it has not varied more than one minute, and is now running at that rate. It has seen the

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 27th.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 27th.

R. E. Robbins, Eq.;

Dran Sin:—Yours of the 23d was duly received. In reply I would my, that the American watch No. 6659, has proved itself one of the best watches for railway purposas.

The American watch, in my opishon, is far better than any watch I have used for the last feurteen years on railreads.

I remain, respectfully years.

Conductor N. H., H. & S. R. R.

P. S.—I would refer you to Mr. Douglass, of N. Y. & N.

H. R. B. has had several of your watches, and is very much pleased with them.

REWIONVILLE, Aug. 20th, 1859.

R. B. ROBERS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAN SIE:—The American Watch that I purchased of you about a year sizes, runs with great experience; its variations being so slight that I have not found it necessary to set it for several months. Yours truly,

WILLIAM B. SPEAR.

R. E. Rossiss, Treas. Am. Watch Co., Waitham, Mass.;
Dran Su:—The American Watch, No. 9778, I have on
ried during the past eighteen months, has fully metabased my
high auticipations in regard to its performance—as have
those worn bysovered of my friends during the same puriod
I can hearithy recommend these watches as possessing, in an
eminent degree, the qualities of excellent time-bespers.
Yours truly,
H. L. Bruzer.

De flow's Ressine, in speaking of the American Watch myn: "These watches are equal to any other manufactur in this country or in Europe. The fact is established by a accurate performance of their time-keepers, which is con-ered almost unparallabel, equalling the best marino chross-ciers. More than 17,800 American Watches are now in a not the manufacturers alongs that they have beard not us than half-e-drawn complaints, arising chiefy from acciden-derangement or mismage of the works."

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Ww CALLENDER President R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

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